



V E R S E S Spoken to the
KING, Q V E E N,
and *D U T C H E S S E* of Y O R K E
in S' J O H N's Library in *Oxford.*



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SPOKEN AT THE

Appearance of the

King and Queene,

DUKE and DUTCHESS of York,

In CHRIST-CHURCH Hall,

OXFORD, Sept: 29. 1663.

By TH: IRELAND St. Ch: Cb:



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Verses Spoken at the Appearance of the
King and Queen,
DUKE and DUTCHESSE
 of YORK, In Christ-Church Hall,
 Septemb. 29. 1663.

I.

To the KING.

Tis He, 'tis He indeed, it must be so; (grow.
 None but that Child unto this Man could
 Wonder of Fate! A KING out of a PRINCE
 Expos'd to desperate perils so long since.
 What humane Wolf, or yet more kind Wild beast,
 Cast from your own, hath took you to her breast,
 And brought you up, till by your Vertues known,
 Man dar'd no longer keep you from the Throne?
 You come like *Phabus* striving from a Cloud,
 Increasing brightness as he quits the shroud:
 And as he drawes out by his Summer rayes
 The sleeping Insects to their severall plays,
 With greater power your warmer influence calls
 Our dormant Household-gods forth from these Walls:
 And I their *Genius*, in your absence mute,
 Like *Memnon's* Statue, your approach salute.

Let Roman quils the business undertake,
 Great Panegyricks of your Worth to make;
 This place, where taken from our Parents charge
 On your Munificence we live at large;
 I will not grieve you with repeated harms,
 Nor tire your Modesty with praising charms:
 But greet the kind appearance of your face,
 Which both amazeth and revives this place;
 And to the Noblest born we boast and sing,
 By mean men made, we're nourish'd by a KING:
 For which we humbly thank you, and confess,
 Our Aliment, our Learning, and our Dress
 Is all from you; And this great Structure stands
 Imperfect, to be finish'd by your Hands,
 And hath consum'd numbers of golden showres,
 But seems not satisfy'd till fill'd with yours.

Let me not live, Great powers my soul invade,
 I feel my self thinning into a shade.
 What Glorie's that, that hovers by your side,
 And gives you the imbraces of a Bride?
 Have you been medling with Celestial fire,
 A Model of your own thus to inspire?
 Or is She Sister to *Pygmalion's* Wife,
 The second Ivory that ere took life?
 Or is *Astræa* woo'd from Heaven again?
 Who then shall take exceptions at your Reign?
 Speak, Sir, What is She? for no other eye
 Can take the height of Her Divinity.

To the QUEEN.

OR will you please, sweet Splendor, let us know
In part, what to the Gods for you we owe?

Are you a real Star indeed, let down
To beautifie this long-obscured Crown?
Or are you made of *Nectar*, which they say
Once being spilt made such a milky Way?

But if you needs will mortal be, and show
The greater skill by being made below;
Your Mother, sure, upon Elixirs fed,
The East blew all its perfumes to her Bed.
Then were you wrap'd in Lillies, which so grew
A Coverture o're your own whiter hue,
A Whiteness not with safety to be seen,
Which of a skin of Lillies makes a screen,
Wherein array'd you suffer a disguise,
And put on Snow in mercy to our eyes.

The mould wherein your Soul is now inshrin'd
Is such as Chymists seek, but ne're can find;
Such as, when you can die, it will first betold
The Powders found, that can turn all things Gold:
Or such as, when the World was all a Main,
Deucalion kept to make Mankind again.
Such may it prove too, since the bliss we need
Is a young Prince from so refin'd a Seed.

Whence ere it is your mighty Beauties spring, (*King*,
Their streams lose nought by running towards your
A stop

A stop in whose fair Breast their course beguiles,
 Where like a Sea of Milke they turn in smiles;
 As in *Endymion's*, when the Queen of Night
 Had in his bosom crowded all her light.

Nor are our hopes exceeded by our prayers,
 Your Ancestors make promise for your Heirs;
 His, who have made all *Europe* shake, and yours,
 Who could make Devills flie, or at least Moors:
 Of darkness, banish'd by a generall chase,
 The Trophees are erected in your Face.
 Nature had kept her riches yet unseen,
 Had not the *Portuguez* such searchers been;
 Who to the fame of finding Worlds unknown,
 Have shew'd their art in You of making one.

Well might the haughty *Spainard* interpose
 With all his wealth to hinder such a close,
 As hoping no success from his Alarms
 'Gainst *Lisbon*, when Shelay in CHARLES his Arms;
 But that to rival all his power, in you
 CHARLES would be master of the *Indies* too.

But Heaven's design'd by equal course of Fates
 The fall and restauration of your States:
 Your Father, and your Husband, long disown'd,
 Were both by parallel wonders re-imbron'd;
 And two recover'd Kingdoms now combine
 To twist a never-discontinuing line,
 Supplying from Valour and from Beauties store
 Kings to beget, and Queens to bring forth more.

(7)

III.

*To the KING and QUEEN concerning
the DUKE of YORKE.*

BUt to remove all fears, behold here stands
A Prince that bears Protection in his Hands;
Who in his Infancy to Conquest bent,
Did in his Cradle apprehend a Tent;
And since by mighty deeds of War hath shewn
The Dons a Courage which they ne're durst own;
Whose Arm alone appearing their reliefe
Made him at once their succour and their grief;
Who without him could not withstand the Foe,
Yet were asham'd to be defended so.

IV.

To the DVKE.

BUt what need I, Brave Prince, your Acts rehearse,
Which are become the Winds charge to disperse?
Tritons and Sea-Nymphs sound and sing your Name;
The waves to every shore report your Fame;
At your command the Surges rise and fall,
While Neptune acts but your Vice-Admiral.
And Silver *Thetis* covering her face,
To your Fair Dutches hath resign'd her place.

THE END.

THE KING and QUEEN

IN PRISON

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St John's Library.

BIrds have found Language, Elephants a Kneec
To Complement the approach of Majesty:
None so much statue but (like *Memnons*) playes
Anthems to welcome such illustrious rayes.
Your presence, *Madam*, here doth paralel
Our Baptists desert to a *Boscobel*.
Our Mother glories that your smiles upon her
Create her Virgin Muses maids of Honour.
Your station 'twixt these Globes doth prompt our pen
To fanſie Princes plac'd 'twixt Gods and men;
Here men, there Angels ply their different Spheres,
Our house of Commons, and your House of Peers.
May your last progress here reach *Nestor's* Summe,
Till the Supreme Star-Chamber call you home:
Whil'st Angels propagate, and you display
A little *CHARLES* his Waine, and Milky Way:
These Asterisimes are only wanting yet
To make *White-Hall* a Heaven, and Heaven complete.
Perfection, *Madam*, from your self must grow:
Kings are Immortal, but *Queens* make them so.

To her Highness the DUTCHESSE of YORK
in the same place.

IF Duty without Compliment may stand,
And they who can but kneel, may kiss your Hand:
If Muses Country Girles their skil may try,
Though't spoile an Honour to a Courtelie:
Wee'd rally all our forces to expresse
Your Noblest Welcome in a plain address:
Mars wee'd assign your Guard, but that we are
Assur'd, your Dukes a greater God of War:
The Graces to attend you wee'd call forth,
But that th'are all ingross'd in your own worth;
And Venus with her Cupid too should come,
But that you have a sweeter Prince at home:
Thus Poets Dream, and Muses fancy less
Then what Fates judg you worthy to possess:
Our Pegasus with duty wing'd we show,
Others may higher fly, none stoop so low.

The END.

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